

UC-NRLF



B 4 500 555



THE  
JACKDAW  
OF  
RHEIMS:



ILLUSTRATED.

YD 03408

131

THE  
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

THE  
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.



*He long lived the pride Of that country side,  
And at last in the odour of sanctity died.—P. 40.*



PR40  
J3  
18  
M

THE  
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

BY  
THOMAS INGOLDSBY.

*Richard Harris Barham*

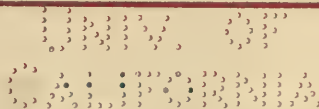


712

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS, PRINTED IN COLOURS.

London :  
RICHARD BENTLEY,  
8, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1870.



LONDON :  
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS.

TO AND  
FROM

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. . . . .	Title.
<i>He long lived the pride Of that country side, And at last in the odour of sanctity died . . . . .</i>	
<i>And, being thus coupled with full restitution, The Jackdaw got plenary absolution ! . . . . .</i>	PAGE 6
<i>The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair ! . . . . .</i>	9
<i>That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ; Here and there Like a dog in a fair . . . . .</i>	13
<i>A nice little boy held a golden ewer, Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure As any that flows between Rheims and Namur . . . . .</i>	17
<i>The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling . . . . .</i>	21
<i>In holy anger, and pious grief, He solemnly cursed that rascally thief ! . . . . .</i>	25
<i>When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw, Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw ! . . . . .</i>	29
<i>Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw, Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw ! . . . . .</i>	33
<i>He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ; At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out . . . . .</i>	37
<i>It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow, So they canonized him by the name of Fem Crow ! . . . . .</i>	41



*And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—P. 23.*



“Tunc miser Corvus adeo conscientiae stimulis compunctus fuit, et execratio cum tantopere excarneficavit, ut exinde tabescere inciperet, maciem contraheret, omnem cibum aversaretur, nec amplius crocitaret : pennae praeterea ei defluebant, et alis pendulis omnes facetias intermisit, et tam macer apparuit ut omnes ejus miserescent.” \* \* \* \* \*

“Tunc abbas sacerdotibus mandavit ut rursus furem absolverent ; quo facto, Corvus, omnibus mirantibus, propediem convaluit, et pristinam sanitatem recuperavit.”

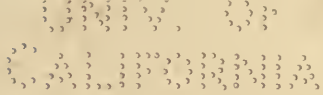
*De Illust. Ord. Cisterc.*

THE  
JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

---



HE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !  
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;  
Many a monk, and many a friar,  
Many a knight, and many a squire,  
With a great many more of lesser degree,—



13

THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE



In sooth, a goodly company ;  
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.  
Never, I ween,  
Was a prouder seen,  
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,  
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out  
Through the motley rout,  
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;



Here and there  
Like a dog in a fair,  
Over comfits and cates,  
And dishes and plates,  
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,  
Mitre and crosier! he hopp'd upon all!  
With a saucy air,  
He perch'd on the chair  
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat  
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;



*That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;  
Here and there Like a dog in a fair.*



And he peer'd in the face  
Of his Lordship's Grace,  
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,  
"We Two are the greatest folks here to-day!"  
And the priests, with awe,  
As such freaks they saw,  
Said, "The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw!!"

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,  
The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,

And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls  
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,  
Came, in order due, Two by two  
Marching that grand refectory through!  
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,  
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch  
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.





*A nice little boy held a golden ewer,  
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure  
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur.*



Two nice little boys, rather more grown,  
Carried lavender-water, and eau-de-Cologne ;  
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,  
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more

A napkin bore,

Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,  
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight  
Of these nice little boys all dress'd in white :  
From his finger he draws  
His costly turquoise ;  
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,  
Deposits it straight  
By the side of his plate,  
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;  
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,  
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

\* \* \* \* \*

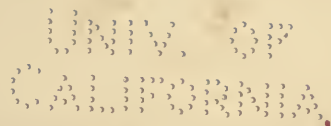






There's a cry and a shout,  
And a deuce of a rout,  
And nobody seems to know what they're about,  
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;  
The friars are kneeling,  
And hunting, and feeling  
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.  
The Cardinal drew  
Off each plum-colour'd shoe,  
And left his red stockings exposed to the view ;

He peeps, and he feels  
In the toes and the heels ;  
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—  
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,—  
They turn up the rugs,  
They examine the mugs :—  
But, no!—no such thing ;—  
They can't find THE RING !  
And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigg'd it,  
Some rascal or other had popp'd in, and prigg'd it !”



1)

40 2001  
0000000000





The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,  
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book!

In holy anger, and pious grief,  
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!  
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;  
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night  
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;  
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,  
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;

He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying ;

He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying ;

He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying !—

Never was heard such a terrible curse !!

But what gave rise

To no little surprise,

Nobody seem'd one penny the worse !

The day was gone,

The night came on,



*When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!*



The Monks and the Friars they search'd till dawn ;  
When the Sacristan saw,  
On crumpled claw,  
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw !  
No longer gay,  
As on yesterday ;  
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way ;—  
His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,—  
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;  
His eye so dim,



So wasted each limb,  
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, " THAT'S HIM !—  
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !  
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring !"

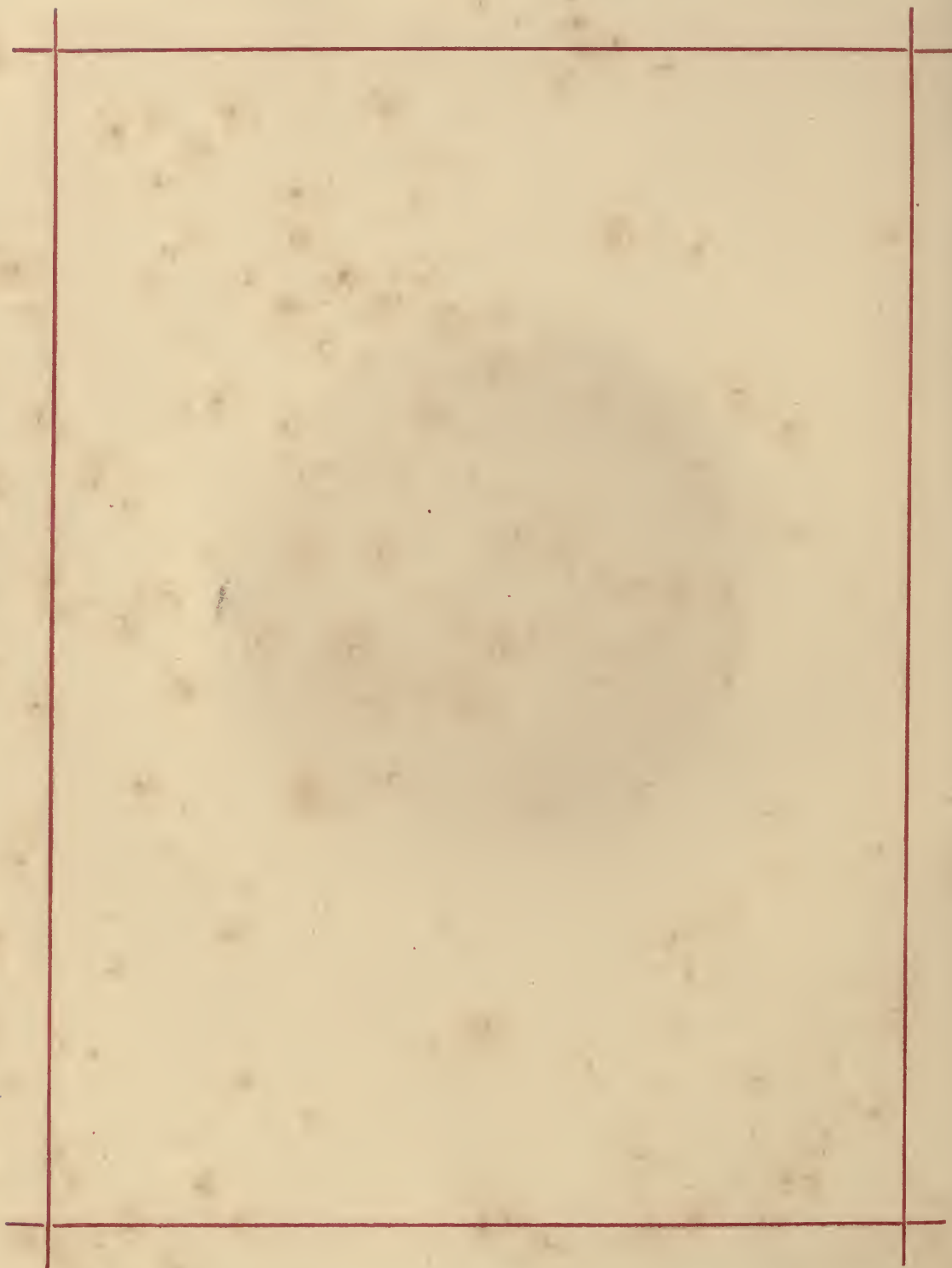
The poor little Jackdaw,  
When the monks he saw,  
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;  
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,  
" Pray, be so good as to walk this way !"



*Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw!*

Figure 6

The figure is a scatter plot titled "Figure 6". The vertical axis (y-axis) is labeled "Number of children per woman at birth" and has tick marks at 0, 2, 4, 6, and 8. The horizontal axis (x-axis) is labeled "Percentage of women who are literate" and has tick marks at 0, 20, 40, 60, 80, and 100. The plot contains numerous data points, each represented by a small circle. These points are scattered across the graph area, showing a general trend where higher literacy rates correspond to lower fertility rates. For example, there are several points clustered around 20-40% literacy with 6-7 children per woman, while points with 80-100% literacy tend to have fewer than 4 children per woman.



Slower and slower  
He limp'd on before,  
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,  
Where the first thing they saw,  
Midst the sticks and the straw,  
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw !

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,  
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression  
Served in lieu of confession,  
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,  
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !  
—When those words were heard,  
The poor little bird  
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.  
He grew sleek, and fat ;  
In addition to that,  
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !





*He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out.*

TO THE  
ASSOCIATES



His tail waggled more  
Even than before ;  
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,  
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair.  
He hopp'd now about  
With a gait devout ;  
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;  
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,  
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.  
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—

Or slumber'd in pray'r-time and happen'd to snore,

That good Jackdaw

Would give a great "Caw!"

As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"

While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,

That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"

He long lived the pride

Of that country side,

And at last in the odour of sanctity died;

When, as words were too faint



*It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Fem Crow !*



TO THE  
MUSEUM



His merits to paint,  
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint ;  
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,  
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,  
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow !

70 3941  
August 16

LONDON:  
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,  
BREAD STREET HILL.

27

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

MAR 24 1917

MAY 10 1921

MAY 27 1921

JUN 14 1955

MAY 31 1955

OCT 20 1955 WS

OCT 13 1955 LD

30m-1,'15



U. C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



C046290266

YD 03408

284701

*Barham*

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

